

## Not a drop of Alcohol

Doctors prescribe very little, if any, alcohol these days. They prefer strong tonics and alteratives. This is all in keeping with modern medical science. It explains why Ayer's Sarsaparilla is now made entirely free from alcohol. Ask your doctor. Follow his advice.

We publish our formulae. We banish alcohol from our medicines. We urge you to consult your doctor.

Unless there is daily action of the bowels, poisonous products are absorbed, causing headache, biliousness, nausea, dyspepsia. We wish you would ask your doctor about correcting your constipation by taking laxative doses of Ayer's Pills.

**In All Reason.**  
Bingley—Going East, are you? How far?  
Dingley—Well, I want to go to Pittsburg, but I've got only money enough to take me as far as Wheeling.  
Bingley—Well, that's as close as I'd want to get.

**Trust Troubles.**  
Old Trust—Isn't it a shame they are bounding us so? It makes me burn with indignation.  
Ice Trust—It certainly is a frost for me.  
Sugar Trust—And talking about sending me to jail and I so used to refining influences!—Baltimore American.

**Shifted.**  
"Say, I've got a new one on Smith."  
"What is it?"  
"Why, the other day—" (etc., etc., etc.)  
"Yes, that's a new story—on Smith. But the last time you told it, it was on Peters."—Cleveland Leader.

## DEEP SEATED COUGH

CURED IN 5 HOURS.  
New Home-Made Syrup.  
(Cut This Out.)  
From Boston Press.

Progress in medical compounds never ceases, and now it is stated by a prominent medical man that any deep-seated cough or cold in the lungs can be actually cured in five hours by the use of Opium and morphine have been resorted to in the past as relief measures. But now it is learned that the system must be treated to rid it of inflammation and congestion. A tonic laxative cough syrup does the work so quickly and thoroughly as to be almost magical. What heretofore has taken weeks to cure can be accomplished in hours. Get this formula filled or mix it at home and always keep it on hand: One-half ounce fluid wild cherry bark, one ounce compound essence codon and three ounces syrup white pine compound. Shake the bottle and take twenty drops every half hour for four hours. Then take one-half to one teaspoonful three or four times a day until the system is purified and toned up. One filling will usually cure a whole family, as the dose is small.

**Hypothetical Questions.**  
"What will your mother say to you when you get home?" said one boy.  
"She'll start in by asking me some hypothetical questions," answered precocious Willie.  
"What are they?"  
"Questions that she thinks she knows the answers to before she starts to talk."—Washington Star.

**Improvement.**  
"Don't you think you could make some improvement in that orchestra? They could hardly hear my song, last night, for the drum," said the sourette.  
"Well," replied the manager with a smile, "I might add another drum."—Yonkers Statesman.

**Fine Mind.**  
"Everybody says that Jones has the finest mind, insight, and sagacity he ever ran across. How did Jones get such a reputation?"  
"Easy. Whenever you make a statement he says, 'By Jove, that's so! Why didn't I ever think of that before?'"—Cleveland Leader.

**Not Exempt.**  
An evangelist was exhorting his hearers to flee from the wrath to come. "I warn you," he thundered, "that there will be weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth!"  
At this moment an old woman in the gallery stood up. "Sir," she shouted, "I have no teeth."  
"Madam," returned the evangelist, severely, "teeth will be provided."—Success Magazine.

## Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna

Cleanses the System Effectually. Disperses colds and Headaches due to Constipation. Acts naturally, acts truly as a Laxative. Best for Men, Women and Children—Young and Old. To get its beneficial effects, always buy the Genuine manufactured by the CALIFORNIA Fig Syrup Co. SOLD BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS. One size only, regular price 50¢ per bottle.

## The Pirate of Alastair

By RUPERT SARGENT HOLLAND

Author of "The Count at Harvard," etc.

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### CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued.)

Duponceau and I lifted the chest between us, and as silently as we had entered the woods our party of four withdrew from them. When we came to the edge we halted, and after a few whispered words turned towards the shelter of the cliff. We were some quarter down it when from the pines at our back came a loud halloo. Almost simultaneously a man sprang out of the shadows before us, and called "Stop!"

"Run!" said Rodney, and, like a football player, lunged, lantern and all, straight at the man's knees. The two went down in a heap, and the man's revolver went off without harm.

"Run, Mr. Felix!" cried Charles, and I saw him jump at the struggling men and pull Islip free.

Duponceau and I ran, caring nothing for shelter now, but making straight for the ship. The enemy must have numbered half a dozen. There were cries behind us, and a bullet whizzed into the cliff on our left. Another shout, and we knew they were in full pursuit, with Rodney and Charles acting as our rear-guard.

Luckily the chest was not heavy, and when we came to the rocks we could scramble over them without delay. Into the water we plunged, and, reaching the side of the ship, heaved the chest on board. Then we scrambled up, dripping and we pulled our rear-guard over the side.

Another splash, and I fired straight down into the water. At the shot the enemy retreated, and, cursing, took himself back to the rocks where his friends stood, a mark against the sky.

"We'll get that pirate!" one of the men called. There was silence on the ship. More threats and curses followed, and then the enemy retired, promising to rout us out next day.

Rodney was the first of us to speak. "Up anchor and off for the Spanish Main!" he cried. "I really feel like a pirate. Where's Duponceau?"

"Here!" We turned and saw our gentleman adventurer sitting on the chest.

Rodney burst into a laugh. "To think that not one of them knew what it was you two carried! They must have thought that we were foraging for food."

We had all four come out of the scrimmage unscathed, except for a few bruises, but were very much excited to sleep. With much ceremony, we took the chest below and placed it inside of that other brass-bound box that had waited so long for a new treasure. I was sure that Rodney was eager for a look at the inside of Duponceau's box, and, to tell the truth, I also was hoping for a peep at it, but Duponceau preferred to keep its secrets entirely to himself. He was communicative only to a certain point; beyond that he was a very sphinx, and in some way the facts he told us seemed to enwrap him in more mystery.

I went up on deck, where Charles was pacing steadily back and forth.

"You saved Mr. Islip from a very bad position, Charles," I said. "How did you manage to quiet that fellow so soon?"

"With an upper-cut I learned in the old country, sir. I left him fast asleep. He'd been prowling round the kitchen, sir, and making himself generally disagreeable, and I was glad to settle the score."

"H'm, so we left one trussed like a pig in the woods, and another asleep on the beach. This begins to look serious."

"Yes, Mr. Felix; that's what I've been saying to myself for the last half-hour."

We spent that night in a state of suppressed excitement—that is, all of us except Duponceau, who seemed to regard a trial by bullets as nothing out of the usual.

### CHAPTER XV.

I watched the east turn opalescent with the coming sun, and the sea pass through the pale, translucent colors of the shells beneath its surface, delicate reds and blues and the infinitely soft mother-of-pearl. Then the hues deepened, and the sun, not yet too bold for the eye, rose like the center of a gorgeous flower. The sea-world was his, and through and over the vast space of it glittered his tiny messages of living flame. They came even to the side of the ship and shivered themselves radiantly against its old, gray-green, sea-worn boards.

I had the world to myself, the sea and its dancing colors, the ship and its early-morning memories. That awe and veneration which steals over the watcher of dawn—as though witness to a birth both of physical and spiritual—stole over me, and I wondered how often in the ages past solitary watchers had marvelled from this deck. Life was new and strange and sweet, and as boundless as the ocean before me.

I came back to reality, and wondered how it was that I, who only a week before had been busied with my manuscript in the study of my cottage, should now be facing a life as strange as it was daring. Man cannot live a life to himself alone, occurred to me, and I thought that he would not even if he could. The ordinary, normal course no longer appealed to me. I cared not if our opponents were servants of the law or of a private power struggling to overwhelm my friend. I looked down at the pistol in my belt and smiled; the life of an adventurer was not so bad when it gave one the sea and the sky and the fellowship of men.

Duponceau stood beside me, his face serene, delight in the fresh day mirrored in his eyes.

powers that want to do what I have done."

Charles and Rodney came on deck, and we breakfasted on what was still left of our provisions—a scanty store, that stood in immediate need of replenishing. Then we held a council of war.

"If they are wise," said Rodney, "they'll settle down to besiege us. They could starve us out of here in forty-eight hours. I've an idea, however, that they're afraid to do that for fear of legal consequences. I take it this is a purely personal fight."

I had the same thoughts; some French enemies of Duponceau's were trying to kidnap him, had been my conclusion.

"Look!" Duponceau was standing, and we followed his gaze and saw a sail-boat—my sail-boat—round the cliff to the west and lie to in the open sea. "Not that way," he said; "there'll be no more swimming done. They're going to guard us from the ocean."

Then Rodney spoke up. "Perhaps I can get across the beach to the cottage and bring some of the tinned meats back."

"Unless they have confiscated my house as well as my boat," I suggested. "However, it's worth a try. Charles stays on guard, and I go with you."

So, a little later, the two of us, having an eye that the men in the sail-boat should not see us, lowered ourselves over the side, and waded waist-deep through the water. We crawled up the rocks and, lying low, peered through breaks at the beach. There was nothing but shining sand between our position and the house.

Carefully we stole over the rocks and, separating slightly, so that each might be unhampered by the other, advanced westward. I had an impression of what it must be to march across a desert in the face of an unseen foe. Only, we did not have the protection of the desert, for there were dunes above us on the right.

We had gone perhaps half-way when the silence rang with a shot. A little furrow blew up in the sand before me, and I saw a light cloud of smoke steal away from the dunes. An instant's silence, another report, and a furrow was ploughed in the sand ten yards to the rear. We were hemmed in by an unseen ring.

We faced to the dunes, standing stock-still. Two more guns cracked, and the bullets sped in the air, above our heads, but not so far that we could not hear them sing. Rodney could stand it no longer.

"Come out and show yourselves like men!" he cried, his voice high-pitched and straining. An instant's pause, and then two men leaped forward.

Islip's pistol cracked, then another man joined the two, and as by instinct we separated.

Then began a running fire while we beat a retreat. I kept close as I could to the water, emptying my revolver in such a way as to retard the enemy without wounding them; for we suspected that they were seeking to bloodshed, and we, for our part, had no desire to have any deaths on our hands. They gained on us, for we retreated while they advanced, and it was only by taking full speed to my heels and making for the rocks that I won a temporary respite. The enemy stopped, and now we could pepper them, shooting to right and left as fast as we loaded.

I glanced backward, and saw the sail-boat very close—much closer than I liked.

"They're going to board the ship!" I cried, and splashed into the water. I tumbled up the side and made for the farther bulwark, calling to Duponceau and Charles to stir themselves. As I did so two men came scrambling over the outer rocks and made for the ship, while a third held the sail-boat to the shore. I heard shouts, and saw Rodney cross beside me. He stood a moment unprotected, and that instant a bullet took him in the arm and I heard him give a cry of pain.

"It's nothing—a scratch on the flesh," he muttered as he crouched.

The two men were climbing the seaward side. I waited, and as the first reared above me I was on him and with all the force in my body hurled him back, so that he lost his hold and fell splashing. The other was balancing, had one foot over, had sprung, when Duponceau and Charles seized him, and he went, legs swinging in a circle, beside his fellow in the sea.

We crouched, for the man in the boat was firing. The two below scrambled out of the waves and scurried back to the sail-boat. Then Rodney and Duponceau kept that side of the ship, while Charles and I watched the other. There were a few more scattering shots, then the enemy made off.

In time we left Charles on guard and went down to the cabin, while Duponceau examined and bandaged Rodney's arm. Rodney was right; it was merely a flesh-wound in his fore-arm, but, slight as it was, it seemed to turn him into our hero. It was the first blood of the war.

When the wound was attended to we went on deck, all of us agither with excitement, and there we four sat, each with a pistol in his hand, and warm blood beating in his veins.

Noon came, and we lunched on scraps, and tried to make out on smoking many pipefuls of tobacco. The sun slowly crossed the western heavens and commenced to drop. Suddenly I discovered that I was parched with thirst.

"Water, water everywhere, and not a drop to drink!" There's no use disguising it any longer; I said. "We'd better get away before we fall to eating horse-leather."

I have plenty of water and food in my house. It'll stand a good long siege. If any of those rascals are living in it,

I'd like to turn them out. What do you say?"

"It sounds pretty good to me," assented Rodney.

Duponceau nodded, and so it was arranged that we should leave the ship. There were no two ways about it, to go or stay and be starved into surrender.

### CHAPTER XVI.

Our change of base was to be made after sunset, between those hours when the darkness should first steal across the beach, and those when our enemy might expect that we would venture forth under the shade of night. We decided to leave Duponceau's chest where it was for the present, in the belief that the enemy would instantly turn their attention to my cottage, and that the box would be safest in some such place as that deserted cabin.

With night-fall we prepared, glad to be about something after eight hours of patient watching. We were to go in single file, I first, Rodney next, his wounded arm in a sling, then Duponceau, and finally Charles, with some little space between us. We cleaned and loaded our revolvers, and about 8 o'clock, when we could no longer see the sail-boat standing out against us, I bade good-by to the ship, slid over the side into the water, crossed through it, and crept over the rocks. I turned and signalled to Rodney that the coast was clear, and saw him lower himself by one arm and find a footing. Then, with a silent prayer that no stray bullet might lodge in one of us before we reached cover, I stepped gingerly on to the beach. You have seen pictures of African warriors stealing tip-toe through the jungle, their whole bodies alert for any noise. So I went, my sense of hearing abnormally acute, my eyes straining into the twilight for peril. I could neither run nor stop, but stepped on with the precision of an automaton, hoping that in time the stretch of sand would have slipped past beneath my feet and I come to the refuge of the dunes. I did not look back, but knew that three other men were tip-toeing as silently behind me, keen as was I to break into a dash. So on and on I went, for endless time it seemed then—bearing only the sob of the ebb and flow of the tide and the soft, slurring rattle of the water as it slipped back over a stretch of stones.

I neared the cottage, had gone one-half, two-thirds, three-fourths, of the way, and then of a sudden a screaming gull whirled above my head, and without thought save that I must break this tension, I shot forth full running for the house. I raced over the hard sand, over the soft sand, and when I came to my cottage felt panting in the wide arms of the dunes, quivering, breathless. A moment later the three others had fallen near me, and we all lay there like so many bags of meal.

"That's panic!" said Rodney. "I know now how it comes without any cause."

After a time Charles rose and stole to the kitchen-window. He looked in and shook his head. Then he disappeared around the other side. "Nobody there," he presently reported.

I looked at my pistol and led the way. The front door was ajar, and without any more ado I entered my house on tip-toe, keen-eyed as a cat. The others followed, and Charles closed the door and bolted it. I went into the kitchen, found it also empty, and secured that entrance; then, with the same care, we four filed up the stairs and into my study. A man sat in my Morris-chair, smoking my meerschaum pipe. I covered him with the revolver as he looked up.

"Hello!" said he. "Never mind the gun. I'm alone in the house, and my gun's not in shooting order."

"Suppose I see, sir," said Charles, and a moment later he found a revolver in the man's hip-pocket and appropriated it.

"Well," I demanded, "what have you to say to breaking into a man's house in his absence?"

The other—you could see he had a sense of humor from the wry smile he made—leaned back and cocked his eye at me. "I heard you'd gone to sea," he answered, "and wouldn't be coming back soon."

"Ah, that's where I have the advantage of you, and a very considerable advantage. What I want is the Frenchman over there." He looked past me at Duponceau. "I come in for gold when I capture him."

I signalled to Charles, and in a trice he had bent the man's arms tight around the back of the chair. I found a rope and tied him there fast. We bound his mouth securely, so that even his wry smile disappeared, and then left him.

### A Well-Known Name.

Among the many namesakes of Thomas Jefferson is a colored man who for more than ten years has spent his time in humble but useful employment. He wheels ashes and rubbish of all sorts from the back doors of the houses in one of the districts of a New England town.

He has learned through the servants in these houses many items of interest concerning his employers and their families, and has a decided belief in his own importance to their welfare.

One day the head of one family went out into his back yard, and seeing the colored man at work over the ash barrel, said, affably:

"Let's see, what's your name?"

"Thomas Jefferson, sah," was the reply.

"Ah," said the gentleman. "I think—I am quite sure—I have heard that name before."

"Yes, sah, mos' likely you is heard it," said the negro, showing his white teeth. "It's done shovel ashes an' wheel bar's out o' dis yer alley to' de las' ten years."

### Dad's Idea.

"Pa," said Mrs. Hardapple, enthusiastically, "Mandy is getting to be one of these here sure-enough artist folks. Would you like to see her wash drawings?"

"No," growled the old man, in crabbed tones. "Blamed lot of foolishness. I'd rather see her wash dishes."

### A La Mode.

Party Caller—Is Mrs. X. at home?  
"Yes, sir."  
"Will you—er—please leave my card on the table?"—Harvard Lampoon.

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### Why the Boat Upset.

Helen—Of course he clasped you in his arms when the boat upset?  
Hazel—No; just the opposite.  
Helen—Just the opposite? What do you mean?  
Hazel—Why, the boat upset when he clasped me in his arms.—Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

Boiled potatoes should be served as soon as they are cooked. To make them drier drain off the water quickly, shake them in a strong draft of air and do not put back the lid of the pot.

### Poultry Note.

"So you are raising chickens?"  
"Yes," answered Mr. Crosslots.  
"What do you find the greatest menace to the welfare of poultry?"  
"Sunday company."—Washington Star.

One Thing That Will Live Forever, PETTIT'S EYE SALVE, first box sold in 1807, over 100 years ago, sales increase yearly. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

### Test of a Reformer.

"Father," said little Rollo, "what is a reformer?"  
"In numerous cases, my son, a reformer is a man who considers himself peculiarly qualified to hold office because of his professional inexperience."—Washington Star.

### Case of Unsolvable Crusaders.

We (Irish) have got the name of being an adventurous people. You will hear the Irish accent in every continent. There is no speech or language where our voice is not heard. We have helped to civilize every country except our own.—Dublin Irish Homestead.

### Friendship's Tribute.

Nan—I haven't much of a singing voice, you know, but I have it under excellent control.  
Fan—Yes; that's what I like about you, dear. You seldom let it escape you.

Hamlin's Wizard Oil is over fifty years old, and, like an old friend, it can be depended upon just as surely as the family doctor who may be miles away.

### Identification.

Mistress (at door)—Well, my dear, what is it?  
Little Girl—Please 'm, our kitty is lost. Did you see a kitty go past here by the name of Nuddles?—Boston Transcript.

### Uncle Allen.

"A cannon cracker," said Uncle Allen Sparks, after the celebration was over, "is another of those things with fire at one end and a fool at the other."—Chicago Tribune.

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Going to the Play.

"I should think it would be a simple matter to induce a woman to get ready in time to attend an evening performance."

"What's your scheme?"

"Ask her to go to the matinee."—Kansas City Journal.

### Hard Luck.

Rivers—You say you won a dozen bets on the election, and lost only one. What are you kicking about?  
Brooks—The bets I won were "freak" bets. The one I lost was cash.

## Item Welcomed By Many Men

This recipe can be filled at home, so that no one need know of another's troubles, as the ingredients can be obtained separately at any well stocked drug store. They are in regular use and many different preparations are constantly being filled with them.

This will prove a welcome bit of information for all those who are overworked, gloomy, despondent, nervous and have trembling limbs, heart palpitation, dizziness, cold extremities, insomnia, fear without cause, timidity in venturing, and general inability to act naturally and rationally, as others do, because the treatment can be prepared secretly at home and taken without anyone's knowledge.

Overworked office men and the many victims of society's late hours and dissipation will, it is said, find the restorative they are in need of.

If the reader decides to try it, get three ounces of ordinary syrup sarsaparilla compound and one ounce compound fluid balsam-worm; mix and let stand two hours; then get one ounce compound essence sardoli and one ounce tincture cadomene compound (not cardamom); mix all together, shake well and take a teaspoonful after each meal and one when retiring.

A certain well known medical expert asserts that thousands of men and many women are suffering all because of derangement of the blood and a consequent impairment of the nervous force, which begins the most dreadful symptoms and untold misery.

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### Would Have to Be Labeled.

"What do they put under these corner-stones?"  
"O, current coins, literature, and the like. We want posterity to know about our peculiar customs."  
"Then why not include one of the current hats?"—Kansas City Journal.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

### Disapproves.

"I always had a high opinion of Mr. Roosevelt," said Mrs. Lapwing, "until he went to Africa to kill animals. I don't like that one bit, even if he does call himself a fawning naturalist!"

## Headache

"My father has been a sufferer from sick headache for the last twenty-five years and never found any relief until he began taking your Cascarets. Since he has begun taking Cascarets he has never had the headache. They have entirely cured him. Cascarets do what you recommend them to do. I will give you the privilege of using his name."—R. M. Dickson, 1120 Resner St., W. Indianapolis, Ind.

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CRESCENT MFG. CO. Seattle, Wn.

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